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THE CIRCULATION OF THE
EVENING EDITION
OF
THE WORLD
for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 18,
was as follows:

MONDAY.....	92,040
TUESDAY.....	99,000
WEDNESDAY.....	88,400
THURSDAY.....	88,640
FRIDAY.....	89,760
SATURDAY.....	92,800
Average for week..	91,773

ASK THE WORKERS.
The Saturday Half Holiday is not going just yet. And if it does not go now, it will become a permanent institution.
The law has not had a fair trial. Sordid money-makers have sought to nullify it. Other employers of labor, naturally liberal-hearted, have found it difficult to readjust their business to the law's requirements. All reforms take time. Give this one time and nobody will think of objecting to it.
The legislators home on vacation cannot make a better use of their time than to spend some of it asking the working people what they think of the Saturday Half Holiday.

SHERIDAN WON'T.
There will be no "man on horseback" in the Presidential race. SHERIDAN declines to mount. And when Fighting Phil says "No," he means it.
THE EVENING WORLD some months since first mentioned Gen. SHERIDAN as holding the promise and potency of a successful boom for the Republican nomination. But it pointed to the fact that a big "If" stood in the way—"If he will accept."

A PEACE OFFERING.
AUSTIN CORBIN has the munificence of a Czar as well as a Czar's autocratic will.
His gift of \$30,000 to the miners is a timely and liberal one, and will relieve much suffering. Justice is better than charity, but charity is not to be despised when families are hungry and cold.
A generous gift often does the donor as much good as the recipient. It would not be strange if the peace-offering and the renewal of more friendly relations should lead to an adjustment of wages more satisfactory to the miners. So may it be!

JUSTICE ONLY.
The indictment of STAIN and CROMWELL for the murder of Cashier BARNES, of the Dexter Bank, in Maine, is a vindication of THE WORLD's efforts in hunting up evidence and causing their arrest. It establishes at least the probability of their guilt.
The only interest of THE WORLD in the matter is to have the truth revealed and justice done. The motive of envious newspapers that have tried in vain to work up an alibi for the prisoners is solely to discredit a WORLD achievement. They have failed, as usual.

And still THE WORLD "moves on."
SWEETS TO THE SWEET.
The Flower of the White House, surpassing in beauty any blossom of the conservatory, departs to-morrow for a visit to the land of flowers—fair Florida.

The President's wife has well earned her vacation trip by her assiduous attention to the exacting social demands of her position during the "Washington season." She has been equally kind and polite to all, and has not made an enemy nor evoked a word of cavil even from the partisan opponents of her husband.
A happy journey and safe return to the Mistress of the White House. And Grover, too!

Gen. SHERIDAN's interview should be placed next after Geo. W. CHILDS' editorial in the compilation of a "Ready Letter Writer for Those Desiring to Decline a Presidential Nomination." Mr. BLAINE's epistle may stand as an example of a withdrawal that does not withdraw.

The number of Republicans who claim to be "BLAINE's legatees" is still in excess of the number of those who have declined to be candidates. There is promise of a great will contest, and in the end it may be found that the man from Maine had very little to bequeath.

The cyclone that swept through the city of Mount Vernon, Ill., yesterday, was the most destructive ever known in this country. The wrecking of 500 buildings and a large number of persons killed and wounded, attest the dreadful power of the whirlwind.

Come to think about it, the Pacific coast is not further from the centre of the continent than the Atlantic coast; and yet a National Convention at San Francisco would not be exactly "in touch" with the mass of the voters.

What a beautiful and appropriate campaign flag could be made out of FORAKER's "little breeches" dipped in calf's gore!

Leap-Year Incident.
(From Texas Siftings.)
Young Lady of the Pyralis—Governor, \$10, please. I am going to take a gentleman to a party to-night and want a carriage.

AN APOSTROPHE.
Hall champion of the many's rights
'Gainst gross infractions of the law;
In your support of Labor's knights
May you be ever firm and true.
Quill lance well poised, and ink-lucrat,
In journey meet the people's foes;
Ride down each doughty, sneering trust
That threatens added public woes.
Though youthful for the lists you seemed,
Your work your worth has fully proved;
Of knight more true ne'er lady dreamed—
Our champion you, and well-beloved.
K. O. L.

AT THE LEONARD STREET STATION.

Rondeau John O'Brien is the champion pool-player of the Leonard street squad. At any rate, the boys are all afraid of him.
Dominoes is the favorite game just now at the Leonard street police station. At almost any time during the day when off duty Patrolman Patrick Reilly, Detective James Dunn, Patrolman Wm. Doyle and Rondeau John O'Brien can be seen in the back room playing away for dear life.
Elliott M. Woodard is the champion good-natured man in Dave O'Callahan's pool hall. They tell a good story about the time Dave went to bed and thought he had "the snakes." A practical joker had put a live eel in the bedclothes, and when Dave came downstairs to tell about the snake some one removed it. No snake was to be seen, consequently, when he got back, and the boys were then nearly able to persuade him to send for an ambulance.

WORLDINGS.

This is the kind of temperance sermon they are preaching in Michigan now: "With land at \$43.50 an acre and whiskey at 10 cents a glass a man drinks up 100 square feet of land with every drink."

M. M. Hime, of Green River, Ky., has a fiddle that was made at Boone-on-the-Hill in 1525, a hundred years before Stradivarius was born. It has been in constant use since its present owner had it, and is a soft, sweet-toned instrument.
A redwood tree recently felled near Humboldt, Cal., measured 16 feet in diameter one way and 30 feet in the other at the stump. It was 300 feet long, tapering to a diameter of 8 feet, and contained enough timber to construct a small village.

Patrick Daley, of Meriden, Conn., 101 years old, has just made a contract with his daughter, Mrs. George Hime, to plough her garden in the spring. He is strong and hearty and can eat a big dinner of pork, corned beef and cabbage, washing it down with copious draughts of hard cider.

W. D. Howells is a very painstaking writer, often revising and rewriting an entire chapter of the book he has in hand several times. One of his novels is said to have been wholly rewritten. He works steadily from 9 in the morning until 1 in the afternoon and is at leisure for the rest of the day.

A peculiar deposit which resembles clay in pliability, but which when exposed to the air becomes as hard as granite, has been discovered at the base of Mount Main, near Fairbury, N. C. Blocks of it have been dug out and used for all the purposes of stone with success and it is proposed to build houses of it.

Among the jewels owned by Mrs. Ayer, the rich widow of Dr. Ayer, is a large necklace of rubies set in diamonds. Several of the rubies are as big as a man's thumb-nail, and the central one, which was formerly a Rajah's talisman, is about the size of an English walnut. It is uncut and is literally a nugget of ore.

"Old Granny," a hen now on exhibition at the show of the Eastern Michigan Poultry Association in Detroit, is twelve years old. She has lived seven or eight years beyond the allotted age of chickens and is literally gray-headed. This venerable fowl laid fifty-four eggs last year, from seventeen of which chickens were hatched, a proceeding that was contrary to all the authorities.

Pascal Porter, the wonderful child revivalist of Indiana, who is now only eleven years old, recently preached a sermon in the Baptist Church at Williamsport, Ky., that astonished everybody who heard it. The pastor of the church says that he has read sermons on the same subject delivered by the ablest preachers, but not one of them could compare in power or in elegance of diction with the boy's exhortation.

"A magnificent forehand!" observed the phonologist, gazing admiringly at Robson. Robson blushed up to the top of his head.
"I'll go in if you will," he replied.
"All right," responded Crane, and the next moment the phonologist's fingers were tumbling about Crane's head.
The man of science turned on a stream of eloquence like a prirling brook as he described Robson's mental and domestic virtues. Robson's smile grew broader, and he did not object to the phonologist's flight away the something pink in the glass.
He was told that he should be a preacher.
"But," the phonologist continued, "you always look so serious about things. You should change your glasses and..."
"Hullo!" interrupted Robson, missing the something pink. "I won't change my glasses. Water, bring that glass back." The phonologist restored, the phonologist concluded in this style:
"Don't ever try commerce, for if you do you will be cheated right and left. Take care of your stomach as you would a baby, and leave the finances of the family to your wife."
The man of science next gave Mr. Crane an equally flattering account of his character, and he did not object to the phonologist's flight away the something pink in the glass.
It cost them a dime a piece.
"By George, Brooks," said Robson, as he replaced his pocketbook after the phonologist left, "I wish I had a shorthand report of this."

Private Rehearsal with his Chair Aml (Cher Ami).

Answers to Correspondents.

M. M. A.—The 26th day of August, 1899, fell on Monday, as you will see by consulting THE WORLD Almanac for 1900.

M. F. C.—If you wish advice and counsel concerning your private affairs you should send a post-paid and directed envelope.

L. L.—A woman of age at twenty-one years—not a day before. What she may do with property left her depends entirely upon the terms of the will.

G. W. M.—The Presidential Succession bill gives the succession, in case of the death or disability of the President and Vice-President, to the members of the Cabinet in the order of seniority.

B. T.—The motion of the train has no effect upon the cannon ball. Everything will happen just as if the train were motionless. The world is revolving from west to east at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour. Two men facing each other with revolvers raised over their heads and shooting at each other have no advantage over the man shooting west.

J. H. G.—Do not ruin the tempers and stomachs of your household by amateur bread-making when there are thousands of men in this city who have spent their lives as professionals in learning the best way to make it. They will do the work for you cheaper than you can buy the flour. "Home-made" bread never was fit for a Christian stomach. It has caused more crime than "caviar, butter, and salt and all such unwholesome" for it is a producing cause of all these and many more vices.

How to "Save Doctors' Bills."

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.
Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.
Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.
Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.
After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.
Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is regularly cleaned, the cold will close the pores and lay on congestion or other diseases.
When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.
Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.
Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a long walk or exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, where the person is exposed to the cold wind.
When going from a warm atmosphere into a cold one keep the mouth almost closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.
Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the open mouth.

A PACK'S CONTENTS

OR,
Death for a Small Cause.

BY
M. J. B. MESSEMER,
A Coroner of the County of New York.

PART I.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)
SOME years ago, a Frenchman and his wife lived in the back rooms of a west-side tenement-house. They were very poor, and although their living expenses were moderate they had difficulty in making both ends meet. The wife was a small woman and not over strong, but she did what she could to bring in a little money and eked out the meagre household expenses by all the devices which were at her command. Still, even with this economy and frugal living, sometimes the dinner-table was poorly set forth. In these moments of trial the husband—let us call him Hector Lacroix, and his wife, Therese—used to exercise his rights as a husband by being extremely ill-humored, and relieved his feelings by venting his sulkenness on his better half. He would scold her, blame her for bringing about such a state of things, and conduct himself generally like a man overcome by a long strain of persecution from a ternaunt of a wife. What was the use of his working and she undoing it all, running about and spoiling everything by spending the hard-earned money which he had managed to collect at the price of so much trouble and worry. That was the way with women. They were always a bother and a drag on their husbands. What did he marry her for, and so on.

All this was pretty hard on Therese, who did not get much money to spend, and that little she got by her own effort and was as careful as possible. But she had become used to her husband's scoldings, and bore them philosophically. He was out a little deal, and then the poor thing found a little comfort all alone by herself.

Some times Hector would not content himself with reproaches, but got into a towering rage, abused Therese roundly and wound up as a climax by boxing her ears. On these occasions the poor woman would get frightened. She didn't know what Hector might do. So she would slip out to one of the neighbors, if her husband did not prevent it. Sometimes he did. He wanted her there to scold at. He had a certain enjoyment in it, or at least it was a relief to him, and he wasn't going to lose this cheap pleasure the expense of which was entirely borne by his wife.

So Mr. and Mrs. Lacroix did not live in one continued dream of rose-colored prosperity; but had plenty, especially Therese, to bother and dishearten them.

One afternoon she was sitting in the poor, dirty room, sewing on a dress of hers which was ripped at the seams. She was playing her needle industriously and humming a song which she had picked up from the organ-grinders. It was a catching air from a popular comic opera. Therese did not know this. She never went to the comic operas, poor soul. But the greatest pleasure she had was to hear one of the bands which sometimes wandered into the street and played before a larger beer saloon. When the day was warm, and there was the prospect of enough to make a good dinner, if the band came and played a waltz Therese was almost happy. She forgot Hector's scoldings, and dreamed of the time when they could have enough to eat and her husband would be contented, so that he would not need to work off his ill-humor on her.

Well, as she was sitting there, she heard Hector's steps on the stairs, and a moment afterwards he entered the room. Under his arm he carried something that engaged his wife's attention at once. It was a small black dog. That is, it was a dark dog, a rich reddish brown, nearly black. It was a delicate, slender thing, and seemed like the pampered pet of some fine lady. The most noticeable thing about it was that it had no hair on its body. Therese had never seen a hairless dog, and the funny creature surprised her.

Hector looked around till he found a piece of string, and he fastened it to the collar of the dog and tied him to the leg of the bed. The poor beast was trembling, and darted a frightened look out of his large projecting eyes, which seemed so moist that Therese would not have been astonished if she had seen tears drop from them. Then Hector came over to his wife.

"I've found that dog and I will get some money out of the cur. He's a bald dog and belongs to somebody who will pay to get it back. It will be advertised in the papers and a reward offered—\$25 perhaps." Hector's eye twinkled at the sound and it seemed like a promise to Therese to possess \$25 at once. They did not often have that amount of "hoozie" in the drawer.

"Now," continued Hector, "I leave the dog with you when I go out. Don't let the neighbors see it if you can help it. They might take him off and get the reward, and I'd be left on the bald-headed cur. You look out he don't get away. If you lose him I'll make you pay for it, do you hear?"

Therese, dithered, and resolved to take good care of the dog. She was rather pleased to have the little creature about, and got to like him. He seemed so comforted by any caresses

that she bestowed upon him. He would push his small head up under her hand and press closely up her knees, while he turned his black, lustrous eyes towards her in a way that touched her. It was affection, and Therese had not enjoyed a very abundant feast of affection, so she prized it even in the little strange dog which had become her lodger. His not having any hair somehow impressed her fancy with the idea that the dog had been stricken with misfortune. It must be a poor dog which had no hair. How could he keep warm? Therese was almost tempted to make a blanket for him out of her flannel petticoat. She could spare a piece big enough for that without great discomfort to herself. But, then, the thought of Hector's remark if he should see the dog blanketed in that way was a damper to her charitable purpose, and the dog went without it.

She saved a few scraps from the simple meal and gave them to the dog to eat. He ate them in a half reluctant way, as if he couldn't bring himself down to that kind of fare had there not been a good deal of Spartan sauce—hunger—to season it.

He walked down to Printing-House Square and Park Row, and looked through the "Lost" column in the big daily papers. He examined three and found advertisements for several lost dogs, but not one which called for a hairless dog. But the fourth one had the following notice, which he read with great interest:

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.
The next day Hector started out about 10 o'clock. "I am going downtown to look at the papers and see if there is a notice about that dog. You keep an eye on him, sharp. Hear?"

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JACK DEMPSEY WILL GO TO EUROPE FOR PLEASURE.

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THE New England light-weight champion, Jimmy Carroll, who recently gave Mike Daly, of Bangor, such convincing proof of his pugilistic ability, has just issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 133 pounds. Billy Dacey, the Middle States light-weight champion, has had a forfeit of \$100 posted with Mr. Richard K. Fox for some months and also challenges any man in America at nine stone seven pounds. A young sporting man conferred with some prominent uptown club and turf men last night, and a match between these clever fighters, which would definitely settle who is the real light-weight champion of America, may be brought off for a purse and stake in this neighborhood. Carroll, a first-class likeness of whom appears in this week's *Illustrated Police News*, was the clever light-weight of the John J. Sullivan combination, and besides a splendid record in the English and American prize ring, has met and defeated crack light-weights and boxers much heavier than himself in many American cities where the strong boy's show appeared. Dacey is a remarkably clever light-weight, who twice faced Jack Dempsey. He knocked out the English champion, who came with an ace of beating Jack McCalliffe in four rounds, and is considered a hard customer for any man within ten pounds of his weight. A match for a stake and a purse arranged between these men, a well-known sport will deposit the money for a reasonable sized purse in any responsible hands for the privilege of running the affair. All the men will have to do will be to put up a forfeit to appear at the appointed hour, with three friends each, at a place agreed upon, from which they will be conveyed to the battle-ground.

What Billy Sexton calls a "Brookline" billiard tournament commences in Maurice Daly's billiard rooms this evening. Mr. Jerry Wertheim and other experts are in. Big money is at stake, and the games will continue for two weeks.

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Signora Trisolini was accompanied by her husband and daughter. They were strong in their denunciation of Campanini. They claimed that he had not kept his contract with them, and that he owed them for their services.

Friends of Campanini say that Trisolini and Nannetti were discharged by the manager, and that their leaving will in no way affect the April opera season, as neither of them were to appear in the opera company. Whether Campanini had broken his contract with these artists, as alleged, they could not say.

Guests at the Hotels.

J. M. Wiley, of Buffalo, has rooms at the Hoffman.

Brig.-Gen. F. J. Marshall has pitched his tent at the Glensy.

Lawyer G. B. Beach, of Cleveland, is at the St. James.

The Sturtevant House shelters Charles A. Wilson, a Providence lawyer.

C. H. Fish, a well-known Boston lawyer, has rooms at the Albemarle.

Mr. Branswick is a friend of Henry Irving and Bram Stoker, his manager.

C. F. Adams, a prominent merchant of Louisiana, is staying at the Fifth Avenue.

Erwin is the secretary of the Law and Order League of the United States. He is at the Glensy.

E. F. Hanna, of Chicago, and F. V. Hudson, of Hartford, are among the guests at the Grand.

W. D. Lovell, senior member of the firm of Lovell & Potter, of Boston, has apartments at the Fifth Avenue.

The Fifth Avenue register shows the name of J. A. Warren, a wealthy woolen manufacturer of Warren, Mass.

At the Astor this morning are ex-Senator E. S. East, of Idaho, N. Y.; Ellis B. Lasher, of La Crosse, Wis., and E. Scherer, of Toronto, Canada.

Why Everybody Likes Riker's.

FAMILY MEDICINE AND TOILET REQUISITES. Because First—They do exactly what is expected of them in almost 95 cases out of 100. Second—They are always reasonable in price, being sold at about one-half the prices charged for the patent nostrums, etc. Third—They are in any case full to do all that is expected of them and they are not overpriced. Fourth—Their preparations without exception, are the most reliable, reasonable, satisfactory and best value for the money in the market. Send for the illustrated catalogue of family medicines and toilet requisites, which will be free on request. Their goods are now for sale almost everywhere, or may be ordered direct from the manufacturer, Riker's, 220 5th Ave., New York. Sent by mail 25 cents.

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Signora Trisolini was accompanied by her husband and daughter. They were strong in their denunciation of Campanini. They claimed that he had not kept his contract with them, and that he owed them for their services.

Friends of Campanini say that Trisolini and Nannetti were discharged by the manager, and that their leaving will in no way affect the April opera season, as neither of them were to appear in the opera company. Whether Campanini had broken his contract with these artists, as alleged, they could not say.

Guests at the Hotels.

J. M. Wiley, of Buffalo, has rooms at the Hoffman.

Brig.-Gen. F. J. Marshall has pitched his tent at the Glensy.

Lawyer G. B. Beach, of Cleveland, is at the St. James.

The Sturtevant House shelters Charles A. Wilson, a Providence lawyer.

C. H. Fish, a well-known Boston lawyer, has rooms at the Albemarle.

Mr. Branswick is a friend of Henry Irving and Bram Stoker, his manager.

C. F. Adams, a prominent merchant of Louisiana, is staying at the Fifth Avenue.

Erwin is the secretary of the Law and Order League of the United States. He is at the Glensy.

E. F. Hanna, of Chicago, and F. V. Hudson, of Hartford, are among the guests at the Grand.

W. D. Lovell, senior member of the firm of Lovell & Potter, of Boston, has apartments at the Fifth Avenue.

The Fifth Avenue register shows the name of J. A. Warren, a wealthy woolen manufacturer of Warren, Mass.

At the Astor this morning are ex-Senator E. S. East, of Idaho, N. Y.; Ellis B. Lasher, of La Crosse, Wis., and E. Scherer, of Toronto, Canada.